

THE PURPLE PARROT The Daily Northwestern?

with **midwife** supplement

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Evanston, Ill. 60201



Um, um good

Besides studying, making love seems to be the favorite pastime of Northwestern students. The Daily today surveys various angles of the activity. Turn to the Midwife section, lover.

Warshower is executed

By SACCO VANZETTI

Paul Warshower finally sold out McCormick Auditorium last night.

But there was no second show.

The 21-year-old former student was executed in an electric chair placed on the stage, the setting in which Warshower had asked for his death sentence to be carried out.

THE UNIVERSITY Hearing and Appeals System (UHAS) had sentenced Warshower to death after he was convicted last month for misusing funds during the 1974 Mee-Ow Show. His co-defendants, Dusty Kay and Josh Lazar, received lighter sentences for their role in the show.

Kay must sit through the entire 1974 Mee-Ow Show as his punishment, and Lazar was sentenced to sit through an entire ASG Meeting. Lazar called his punishment "cruel and unusual."

The execution was sponsored by the Norris Center Programming Council. CPC Chairman Pam Lard said, "It was our most successful event this quarter." She said



Warshower

the council plans to sponsor more executions in the future.

JIM POST preceded the execution with a 45 minute set of songs he has performed at Amazingrace 58 times.

Warshower addressed the audience in a brief, two-hour speech in which he proclaimed his innocence, and blasted these "who took pleasure in seeing Warshower go." ASG Treasurer Millie Monsoon, clad in a red sequin dress and silver lane boots, said the execution was a "solemn occasion which pained everyone."

The electric chair and the necessary

accessories for the execution were originally to be rented by the University Community Relations Committee as part of Winter Warmth Week.

However, the high cost of the equipment (\$4500) made it necessary for the Student Activities Funding Board to pay the bill.

Margo Knight Porter, UHAS Executive Secretary, said she didn't realize the cost would be that great.

"Millie said she could get them for free," Porter said.

By RAY WALSTON

Dr. J. Allen Hynek, chairman of Northwestern's Astronomy Department and a noted expert on Unidentified Flying Objects, confirmed reports today that he has spent winter quarter with beings he believes to be Martians.

Hynek, reached yesterday on the Martian moon Phobos courtesy of a special telephone hook-up established by Illinois Bell, exercised his usual restraint in commenting on extra-terrestrial matters.

Hynek described his hosts as red-skinned, about four feet tall, and very fluent in the Martian language.

"STILL," the astronomer cautioned, "We shouldn't jump to any conclusions. These beings need not necessarily be Martians. They could, for example, be African pygmies with an acute sunburn or who have dyed their skin red for some tribal rite, and who have somehow developed the technology to build a rocket ship. And they could have learned Martian by watching travelogues."

Hynek was believed to have been spending winter quarter at Northwestern's Los Corrolitos Observatory in the badlands of New Mexico.

But Northwestern President Robert H. Strotz admitted yesterday that the Los Corrolitos Observatory in fact does not exist and the university had only used the idea as a front to cover-up the fact that Hynek, a self-admitted publicity hound and popular talk-show guest, had spent the last

Rape figures total thousands

By SCOTT THE MOST

A Northwestern woman who was not raped Thursday night is reported to be enjoying school, attending classes and occasionally partying, according to Public Safety Director Wayne O. Literal.

She is the 3,987th coed who has not been raped this quarter.

The non-victim, 19, had left the University Library late Thursday evening to return to her room at the Northwestern Apartments, Literal said.

THE WOMAN walked to Sheridan Road, turned left to Foster Street, proceeded north on Orrington for several blocks, doubled back down Sherman Avenue and then took Clark Street to the Apartments.

Literal said the woman was not approached by anyone, nor could she identify anyone she may have passed during her trek home.

"She was not approached by anyone, nor could she identify anyone she may have passed during her trek home," Literal said.

The woman reportedly has not been attacked on any other night of the quarter, though Literal said he did not think there was any connection between the lack of incidents.

LITERAL SAID that the woman was

"physically unharmed." Pressed to clarify his statement, Literal explained "Other than being physically unharmed, she was physically unharmed."

Several thousand other non-assaults also have been reported, according to Literal, though he would not elaborate on the nature of the cases.

Earlier in the week, a driver for the NU Women's Emergency Transport Service was questioned in connection with a sexual advance on an NU coed.

THE DRIVER, who was identified only as a graduate student in the School of Management, allegedly picked up the woman at the University Library around 10:30 p.m. Monday and drove her to the north lakefill parking lot where he "made out" with her.

At midnight he drove the woman back to her sorority house, walked her to the door and kissed her goodnight. In the morning, she called Public Safety to report the incident.

Literal said there was no indication of any "heavy petting."

He said that it was the graduate student's first night on the job. "Since he just started," Literal said, "he may not have been clear on what his duties were. We'll give him a few more weeks to see how he works out."

A spaced-out Hynek admits trip to Mars; may host Carson

several winters guest-hosting the Mike Douglas Show disguised as Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Rumors that Hynek had indeed been spending time on Mars began when Hynek's wife Mimi, campaigning for alderman in Evanston's 7th Ward, was forced to cancel a tour her husband was to give of Northwestern's LARC Observatory. Mrs. Hynek had hoped to use the tour as a fundraising event.

When asked why the tour was cancelled, Mrs. Hynek was vague. "The university was opposed to it," she said, then quickly added "But I still think my husband's out of this world."

Hynek also told the Daily that while on Mars he had seen Patty Hearst. He said he had alerted the FBI of this fact.

THE MARTIANS, commenting on their guests, said, "Kryptzl ignatpus shebanifug yksnos slitsodonic iofdzwiowg yrewqioplslnkt effliomnsop."

Then, realizing what they had said, they quickly added, "Asndiowflek certiuowmsaaj oy vey."

Hynek, author of the best-selling book, "The UFO Experience," said he would soon be completing his next book, entitled "The Martian Chronicles."

He denied he would be guest-hosting the Tonight Show in the spring.

The Martians would not eliminate the possibility that they would be doing a 90-minute special with Dick Cavett.



NU Prexy Strotz: Concerned

the Daily

wordwide

From ASCAP and BMI

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—State agents yesterday morning captured a group of avowed teen-aged anarchists who planned to destroy a small village, Tobacco Roaohohahohod, about 20 miles south of here.

The group's leader, who said he was born in a dump, refused to be identified by name. But he did confess to planning an insurrection:

"We'd get some dynamite and a crane," he explained. "Blow it up, start all over again."

Another member of the group, who revealed the plan to state agents, explained his action by saying, "but it's home; the only life I've ever known."

The group, which numbered about five members, was captured in a rusty shack. All they owned, they said, was hanging on their backs.

"We were left here," said one, "to die or grow, in this place called Tobaccu Roaohohahohod."

JASPER, Fla.—A Bostonian yesterday married a bird in one of the most bizarre matrimonial events on record.

Winn Dixie, 38, walked down the aisle of the First Presbyterian Church here whispering to the animal. One observer said he heard Dixie tell the white bird, "Swannie, how I love you, how I love you, my dear old Swannie."

After the ceremony, Dixie told reporters he would leave for the island home of his beloved, never to return to Boston:

"The folks up North will see me no more," he said, "when I get to my Swannie's shore."

Representatives of the Crown Center Sanitarium were also in the area yesterday, searching for a man who fit Dixie's description.

LONDON—One of the world's few female rapists added yet another male victim to her growing list yesterday in the fashionable Chelsea section of London.

The victim, Jean-Paul Ringorge, 39, described the scene: "She came in through the bathroom window, protected by a silver spoon."

Police guess that now she sucks her thumb in wonder by the banks of the Heron Lagoon. An investigation is currently underway.

But other than Ringorge, it appears that nobody told her anything, and nobody saw.

"Sunday she was on the phone till Monday," Police detective Spencer Tracer explained. "Tuesday, however, she was on the phone to me, oh yeah."

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Police yesterday apprehended a Brooklyn woman and charged her with taking her own child from an orphanage.

Miss Francine Estaite, 25, was charged with kidnapping her two-year-old son from the All Saints Orphanage where she had left him one year ago.

"Stepping out with my baby can't be wrong because I'm in right," she said to reporters.

They asked her when will arraignment day be. "The big day may be tonight," she responded.

CHICAGO—A North Side man Friday said he was trailed by a woman with a foot condition and a voice problem. Evanston police told the Daily.

"There she was, just a walkin' down the street," D. W. Dittydittydummdittydoo told the officers.

He described the young woman as "snapping her fingers and shuffling her feet."

He said she looked good. "She looked fine," he added. "She looked good, she looked fine," and he nearly lost

control over his mental faculties, he said.

"Before I knew it she was walking next to me."

FLORENCE, Italy—The painting, "Lady Madonna with Children at Her Feet," by the 16th century master Giovanni Danse, is slowly being reconstructed after it was torn apart in a flood two weeks ago.

A spokesman described the process as "never-ending." He said the experts at the Florenzi Museum can't "seem to manage to make ends meet."

Other problems have plagued the restorers:

- Sunday morning papers needed for the work didn't come
- Tuesday night their stockings needed mending
- The Wednesday night crew arrived without their suitcases.

Not the least of the woes was expressed by one of the less affluent members of the project staff, Telly Visio: "Who has the money when you pay the rent?" he queried.

Better paid members of the staff said they thought their wages had been "heaven sent."

SAN FRANCISCO—An unusual sex ratio in a suburban community near here has prompted a team of nationally known sociologists to study the effects of that ratio on social interaction.

"Oh yeah," said the team leader, Robert Beechboy, UCLA. "We're going to Surf City, going to have some fun. Yeah, we're going to Surf City because it's two to one (two girls for every boy)."

None of the team members said they would be accompanied by their spouses during the study.

LOS ANGELES—The popular television quiz show, "The Name Game," will be dropped from the NBC lineup next fall.

Sponsors of the show refused to continue backing the program after the moderator did "a little trick with Nick" while the program was on the air.

"That's the only rule that is contrary," said the moderator, Chuckchuckbobbuckbananafannafuckfeefimomuck. Chuck.

NAIROBI, Kenya—A 600 lb. lion, which escaped three weeks ago from a medical compound in a suburb south of here, was spotted by natives yesterday.

"In the jungle, the mighty jungle, the lion sleeps tonight," said Aweemaweh Aweemaweh Aweemaweh Aweemaweh, of the Ministry of Game and Wildlife.

Asked if the animal had hurt anyone, Aweemaweh said that, to the best of his knowledge, the cat had spilt no human blood.

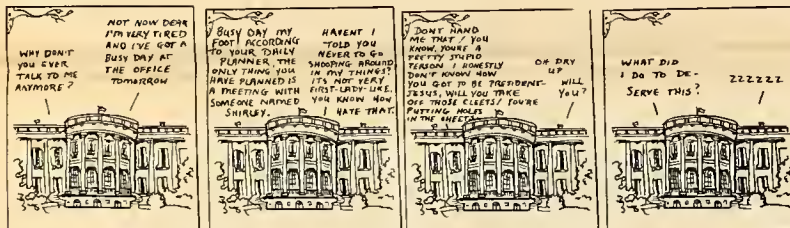
But for the benefit of the newsmen present, he imitated the sounds made by a wounded lion: "Ahhhhoooooooooooooooooowemawopoway."

WEATHER

Sunshine, blue skies, please go away, my girl has found another and gone away. With her went my future, my life is filled with gloom. So day after day I spend locked up in my room. I know to you, it might sound strange, but I wish it would rain.

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PILLSBURY



CLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

And Honey, I miss you. Call Bobby G. BILL BAILEY, won't you please come home? If I tell in love with you, would you promise to be true, and help me understand? You ask me if there'll come a time when I grow tired of you. Yes. Moses supposes his losses are roses, but Moses supposes erroneously. Call Adolph, Betty or Nacio Herb. ME AND MRS. JONES, we got a thing goin' on. Call Billy P. Hay, baby, they're playing our song, the one they used to play when we used to get along.

LOST/ FOUND

Where is the love you said was mine all mine till the end of time. Was it just a lie? Robert and Donny. HEY, DID YOU happen too see the most beautiful girl in the world? And if you did, was she crying, crying? Call Chuck. I left my heart in San Francisco, high on a hill it calls to me. Ask for Tony. Who wants to buy this diamond ring. She took it off her finger now it doesn't mean a thing. Call Gary Lewis. WHO WILL BUY this wonderful morning, and put it in a box for me? Call Ollie.

SERVICES

If there's anything that you want, if there's anything I can do, just call on me and I'll send it along, with love, from me to you? Call for John or Paul. And then while I'm away, I'll write home every day, and I'll send all my loving to you. Call for Paul or John.

IT'S A GOING TO BE a long lonely summer, but darling I promise you this. I'll send all my love each day in a letter sealed with a kiss. Call Bryan.

TRIP TO STATE-VILLE PENETENTIARY

Saturday, March 8
Sponsored by Norris

Leroy, boy, is that you? I thought your pool-hangin' days were through. Sunk-in eyes and full of alpha. Tell no lies. You get wise. I tell you how we gonna pull you through. There's only one thing left that we can do. We gotta get you a woman. (And when we're through with you, we'll get me one too). Todd. Gimme a ticket for an airplane, ain't got time to take a fast train. Lonely days are gone, I'm a-goin' home. My baby, she wrote me a letter. Send box tops to Joe.

TRAVEL

If you miss the Love Train, I feel sorry. Sorry for you. OJ.

OH, he never returned, no he never returned, and his fate is still unknown. He will ride for ever 'neath the streets of Boston, he's the man who never returned. Call four brothers.

Good morning America, how are you? Don't you know me I'm your nelly son? I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans, and I'll be gone 500 miles when day is done. Call Steve for info. I think I'm gonna be sad, I think it's today. Yeah! The girl that's driving me mad is going away. She's got a ticket to ride, she's got a ticket to ride, she's got a ticket to ride, and she can't care.

I GOT CAUGHT in the rush hour and fellows started to shower you with love and affections, now won't you look in my direction on the expressway to your heart. That expressway is much too crowded. LEAVING ON A JET PLANE, don't know when I'll be back again. Oh, babe, I hate to go. PPM.

WANTED

Someone who knows where the hell Eritrea is. Contact Eritrean Liberation Committee.

I WANNA BE your lover, baby. I wanna be your man. I wanna be your man. I wanna be your man. Call Paul. I want you back! Call J5.

GONNA PUT IT in the want ads, my man and I through. Gonna put it in the want ads, I need somebody new. The honeycomb.

All I really want to do, is baby be friends with you. I want you. Call Bob Zimmerman. Do you wanna dance, and hold my hand? Tell me baby I'm your lover man? Call Bobby Freeman.

Norris presents

A NOSE-PICKING CONTEST

Details soon

Intwerp Dept.
MIME READING HOUR
Friday, March 14

TODAY IS FRIDAY
sponsored by Norris

WANT A PROBLEM?
(And Who Doesn't?)
Call Searle's Crisis Invention Line 869-8100

Midwife

Arts and features supplement to the Daily Northwestern



Is it
sex
yet?

Special amour issue



Love is all around

By RAT RICKLIFF

Although "the bed" has traditionally been the "hot spot" for Northwestern sexual activity, many inventive NU students have proven that variety is indeed the spice of life by unearthing various nooks and crannies perfectly suited for man's oldest sport. Several celebrated campus sex symbols have graciously agreed to share their most intimate love nests with the NU student body at large. These places

"If you think rabbits are precocious, wait until you see those squirrels go at it."

include:

Rebecca Crown Center, At The Base of The Clock, [633 Clark St.] According to Steve Seiman, "It's the symbolism that makes it work. Sure, the concrete is hard, not to mention cold this time of the year. But let me tell you, if your lady friend doesn't get the idea after getting a glimpse at that long, tall tower, she never will."

Steve's girlfriend, Patty Bush, agreed that the tower is indeed inspirational, but quickly added that this could be the very reason coeds will find the experience to be a let-down.

"It's like getting your tastebuds all primed for steak, and then having to settle for hamburger," she quipped. "Have you ever tried to climb to the top

of that damned tower? I have, three times, and believe me, it ain't easy."

The Front of University Hall. This is the place where the Northwestern squirrels gather and contrary to popular belief, they don't always come out just to accept food from passers-by.

"If you think rabbits are precocious, wait until you see those squirrels go at it," said Joe Shaft. "They're the greatest aphrodisiac in the world. They're also instrumental in bringing some great one-liners mind. Like the other night, for example, I turned to Liz and asked her, 'Care to gather some nuts?'" Joe then broke up over his own joke and added, "She loved it."

House Three, The Foster-Walker Complex, [1927 Orrington Ave]. Said Joyce Heiman, "When the heat went wild over Christmas vacation, Ted and I were there to add some heat of our own. Half the fun of sex is the sweat, and when temperatures reach 100 degrees and above, sweat is hardly a problem."

Joyce lives in the Complex, and the act occurred in her room.

"We were in bed, I guess there's nothing unusual about that. But because most of my belongings were on a shelf above the head of the bed, we soon found ourselves covered with melted wax, the remains of several incense and strawberry-scented candles, and Joni Mitchell, John Denver and James Taylor albums. Several posters dropped off the wall on top us just as were, uh, approaching the crescendo. At that point, everything seemed to break loose, the desk top, three out of four of the walls. It was great. Sort of like we were making love in the apocalypse."

Alice Millar Chapel, [Chicago and

Sheridan]. Fanny Fuller stated that the Millar chimes ringing throughout the NU campus were often the direct result of the fact that her boyfriend, Peter, was ringing her chimes. Fanny and Peter frequently enjoy making love in the Millar belfry.

"I'm sure most people have fantasized

"When the heat went wild over Christmas vacation, Ted and I were there to add some heat of our own."

about doing it in front of an audience," said Fanny. Well, visually we aren't that liberated yet, but aurally. . . . Her face broke into a smile.

"The next time you hear a chorus of 'Home On the Range' or the 'Northwestern Alma Mater,' just think of Fanny and Peter, hanging from that rope."

Fanny further stated that different positions produce different songs.

"So, far, 'Home On the Range' has been the best for me, but I have a feeling that once we hit on 'Layla,' I'm going to go bananas."

So if you're tired of the same old routine, these irrepressible sexters have hopefully provided some inspiration. But even they will be the first to admit

there's a vast, untapped world of sexual hideaways that they haven't begun to consider.

"We haven't even scratched the surface," said Steve Seiman modestly.

Time schedule: zzz-zz-zzzzzzzzzz

T.S. Eliot once said, "the greatest works of literature are clear and concise." If we are to accept the words of the great master, the Class Schedule-Spring Quarter 1974-75 is a dismal failure.

The latest compilation of courses published by the Registrar is an exercise in tedium that leaves the reader in a mind-deadened state after completing the book.

It is rather perplexing why the authors chose to open the book with a discussion of final examination times. The intent of the book was obviously to help the reader make certain imminent choices. To thrust the dessert ahead of the main course serves only to confuse and depress the reader.

Class Schedule pays a great deal of attention to detail—such as when a class meets, where it meets and, in some cases, who the instructor is. What it fails to do is ask the all-important question, why?

Why this book was ever written is an enigmatic problem. Perhaps it was meant to tease us, by giving us some

information and withholding some from us.

Despite the predictability and mechanical style prevalent in Class Schedule, there are a few items that are notable in some respects.

A section on Civil Engineering deals delightfully with a course called "Reinforced Concrete," which may well symbolize what the authors are saying in Class Schedule.

Perhaps the most enlightening page of the book is the final page. It is blank.

—092481047

Northwestern University

CLASS SCHEDULE

SPRING QUARTER 1974-75

BY THE REGISTRAR

1974-75

1974-75

1974-75

1974-75

1974-75

1974-75

1974-75

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1974-75

WALK THE NATURAL WAY

A millenium ago, when life was simpler, man walked on all fours. That was the natural way.



As early man knew, four-foot walking is sturdier, more graceful. The best walking is done when all four feet are firmly on the ground—and don't be fooled, your hands are feet.



Intelligent young people everywhere are getting back to the natural way of walking in Krapp shoes.

Krapp front shoes, the natural way to walk.

Critic Pats his own back

"You know," said Ed the Bed just the other day, "I can't believe you get away with writing that pretentious trash you do for the newspapers. It would be so much better if you just left your 'personality' out of all that stuff."

The Bed's always been one to joke around. For you see, I actually do know

Music

quite a bit about music. I mean did Rory Gallagher autograph his album for me or didn't he?

But the Bed's lame attempt at humor brought to mind some very interesting memories of encounters I've had with rock stars, and other stars as well.

I first began to get interested in rock when I heard the first Boh Dylao my sister ever bought. It was "Nashville Skyline," a sumptuous set of magnificent melodies. Then, I heard a Beatles album (I once brushed John Lennon's coat sleeve in Boston), and I knew I wanted to spend my time talking and hobnobbing with the rockers and folkies, and others.

If I couldn't talk to them, I had many women friends who slept with the stars, a fact I sometimes relate in this column. I think it's pretty pertinent to tell you all that I've known people who have



Faculty troubadour Irwin White will appear this weekend at the PN Club. Songs by Gogol, Pushkin and Turgenev will be featured. While himself is partial to Cole Porter's "Let's Steppe Out."

consummated the sex act with Iggy Pop, Ayn Rand, Sally Rand and Dave Davis (the latter one I just threw in there. He was a friend of mine who used to play around with brother's electric guitar in his garage in Tampa).

I once talked to Jackson Browne for a half an hour when his date wandered off. Vassar Clements kiddingly told me to "get out of my way." Randy Newman laughing told me to "leave me alone."

Wendy Waldmaa put it best. "Go away," she chuckled.

The most memorable interview I ever had was with Rod Stewart. I had been trying to talk with him for days during a week-long stint at the International Amphitheatre. Finally, after waiting around for hours after he played a laid-back set of heavy rock, I stopped him.

"Hey, Rod, how are you?" I asked. "Just fine, mate," he replied.

I interpreted that to mean the Faces would soon break up, Rod would cancel his contract with Mercury and Kenny Jones would cut a single. All of them, of course, happened.

When I am not talking to stars, I am listening to their music. I like to hear the late Janis Joplin play that guitar. Or hear Jimi Hendrix on saxophone. When I want to rock a bit, I'll play some of that soul by Crosby, Stilla and Nash. Lou Rawls on fiddle is also one of my favorites.

Other than that, I like to write about music something that is evidenced by this column here. One of my pet peeves is running out of space, a problem I will soon encounter with this article.

But Ed the Bed has been reading it over my shoulder the whole time, and he's about to offer another witicism.

"Just as I thought," he says. "You've written absolutely nothing about what's happening on campus or even Chicago this week."

Ed really cracks me up. That's why I keep throwing him into columns he doesn't belong in.

But I guess I did run out of room. We only have time for this week's quiz, courtesy of WNUR's Hobo Hoho: Who fought the law? Did the law win? (Last week's answer: Kenny Rogers).

—Patrick Godsend



Angry members of Northwestern's Film Society stage a video protest on the lakefill. The demonstrators say they're upset over increased television viewing in campus dormitories.

'Skokie Story' - Oy!

MERDE EN HAUT (A & O Board Midoight Madness, Wednesday, 5:45 p.m., Registrar's Office): Another fine work of the French experimental cinema. Claude Menageatros, the veteran eofant terrible of the nouvelle vague, has produced a daring innovation: a film of pure dialogue, without any action or plot at all.

boredom. The film reportedly caused a sensation in France where, within the first week alone, more than 20,000 people fell asleep while watching it.

CITIZEN KANE (Tech A & O Filma, Sunday, 3 a.m., Norris Center Cafeteria): I haven't heard much about this one.

THE WEST SKOKIE STORY (Womeo at NU Films, Saturday, 11 a.m., Pick-Staiger Concert Hall): The first time I saw the film I was sitting with a long-limbed girl of the Jewish cult. This particular cult has become quite popular with college audiences recently. After the film, we returned to my modest flat, where we discussed the merits of realism versus expressionism for three hours. Then I had an uncontrollable desire to explore her film noir in my boudoir. As we lay on the bed, I slipped two trembling appendages into her Big Heat. She was ready for action. "Drive," she said, as she pulled at my underthings. "The girl cao't help it," I sighed. I also thought the film was pretty good.

—Tom Boogermano

Screenings

For six and one half hours, the hero (Jean-Pierre Leaud) sits in front of the camera, talking to himself or to whomever enters the picture about life, art, sex, Catholicism, the Hegelian synthesis, and modern orthopedics. Menageatros boldly punctuates the discussion with occasional movements by Leaud—such as lighting a cigarette, tying his shoe, blowing his nose and belching—which add to the atmosphere of utter

Wah-Hu hoopla ho hum?

We have seen some strange Wah-Hu shows in our day, but this year's entry, "Sex Change," certainly takes the cake. In fact it eats it. (The cake that is).

That's no random metaphor, either. The dance number, "Cakes On Parade," where dozens of dancers leap out of

Theatre

Mocha Javas and sing sea-food recipes, was the worst bit of culinary costuming since Busby Berkely staged the discovery of the South Pole in an Eskimo Pie.

But we digress. When Cahn Auditorium caved in only three days before the show (NU Security claims the collapse was caused by a defective toilet), Joe Miller could have packed his bags. But he stuck it out, and frankly, we find his presentation of "Sex-Change" as a nude water ballet nothing short of brilliant. It certainly was short.

It would be difficult to do the plot justice (or bring it to justice), but a brief summary is in order. It's quite simple, really.

The Purple Parrotty

Ronnie Groan (fresh from his success as a pigfoot in "Harlem Eats and Meats") and David Wall check into the Hotel Cuspidor, posing as fat German businessmen pretending to be acrobats forming pyramids when they meet Dabbie Dickinson and Andy Bridgespan, both struggling cabaret singers presenting "Flamenco For Foreigners".

They have several sidekicks—an emaciated Italian philosopher with nine inch hips who sings "The Marseilles" in Lebanese; a registered nurse named Ethel Kennedy who recently climbed Mt. Hood in Hawaiian-patterned ski pants and an off-duty flight controller from Iceland who has a pet halibut (originally owned by Marcel Proust) that he carries around in a portable bidet.

All ends happily as the cast auctions off their younger sisters, joins the Teamsters Union and drives a Mack Truck out the stage door and into Searle Hall.

The highlight of "Sex-Change" was its musical numbers.

Staged, as always, with the elan of "F Troop," the subtlety of "The Sonny Bono Show" and the comic consistency of "Arsenic and Old Lace," they

attained the abstract pictorial splendor of Man Ray (incorrectly credited in the program as Sting Ray).

My favorite was the religious number, "Jesus Gives Us A Shine," where the late Lord is portrayed (by Michael Errman) as a shoeshine boy who loses his job to a Thom McAnn sandal.

"Sex Change" also featured a plethora of Country and Western numbers, ranging from the tasteless "Love In An Iron Lung" to the tepid "Hard on the Trail," which depicted a chorus line of Waa-Hu luscettes as heifers, to the torpid "Swingtime for Schmucks in Silver City to the Post-Coital Boogie."

The showstopper was the gigantic production number "The Prune Song" wherein the entire cast took a shit on stage.

"Sex-Changes" attempts at serious drama fell as flat as the chorus line's chests. The only number that registered at all (and then only for A-01 Psych) was "The Angst and The Aous," a 15th Century French existentialist tear-jerker about Cardinal Richilieu's experiences in a St. Tropez gay bar.

—Steven Spiegel Catalogue



Wah-Hu cast members go through a dress rehearsal in Cahn Auditorium.

the Daily Northwestern?

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OPINION PAGE

Winter, 1975

Take NU—please!

When the words "good humor" are mentioned to the average Northwestern student, the only thing that comes to mind is a silly looking man in a white suit selling cheap ice cream and ringing some rusty bells much to the pleasure of the neighborhood kids.

Laughter? Humor? Belly laugh?

Yes, the sad fact of the matter is that Northwestern is a notoriously unfunny place to either study or teach. Lecture halls are conspicuously devoid of even occasional merriment; in the Norris cafeteria, all eyes stare blankly at Monty Hall giving away a pool table to a turnip.

Occasional efforts have been made to resurrect the merry Muse of Mirth by isolated groups around campus.

For example, the administration made a valiant effort to cajole a few smirks from the students by announcing a very funny tuition increase for the 1975-76 school year. Public Safety also got in on the act when they changed the color of the parking tickets from a very glum burnt orange to a humorous shade of beige.

But otherwise, the campus is stagnating in a pool of its own self-imposed zombiedom.

Perhaps a university circus could be organized. Perhaps not. But then, on the other hand, take my wife, please!

Courses in comedy and humor are a must. Especially valuable would be a physical education course in laughter, entitled, "How to Safely Laugh Without Giving Yourself a Double Strangled Hernia."

For our own mental and emotional well-being, something must be done on a large scale basis.

The implementation of a student/faculty joke session during the first ten minutes of each class meeting would be a step in the right direction. In fact, both students and faculty should be graded on the standard four point system by officially appointed "Funny Persons" who will sit in on the sessions.

In short, the time for action is now. Northwestern students have been the butt of too many peoples' jokes for too long.



'Yes, we have no cartoon ideas.'

Professor ponders existence's meaning

By PROF. RALPH SHEEPSKIN

Students in my philosophy classes often ask me, "What is existence?" That's a difficult question to answer in 50 minutes, much less in two columns of a newspaper.

It would be wiser to narrow the query to "What is the meaning of existence?" This question is challenging, though hardly unanswerable.

It was Aristotle who succinctly analyzed the question of coming into existence in his "Natural Science."

"IT APPEARS that whatever 'becomes' is always composite: there is something (a

my class, as easy as pi.

THE ANSELM of Canterbury, who lectured on existence in 1103, said, "For it is one thing for an object to exist in the mind, and another thing to understand that an object actually exists. Thus, when a painter plans beforehand what he is going to execute, he has (the picture) in his mind, but he does not yet think that it actually exists because he has not yet executed it. However, when he has actually painted it, then he both has it in his mind and understands that it exists because he has now made it."

But the Anselm gets to the heart of the matter when discussing what he terms "the Fool."

"The Fool... is forced to agree that something-than-which-nothing-greater-can-be-thought exists in the mind, since he understands this when he hears it, and whatever is understood in the mind. And surely that-than-which-a-greater-cannot-be-thought cannot exist in the mind alone. For if it exists solely in the mind even, it can be thought to exist in reality also, which is greater."

HE CLARIFIES the contention with the following: "If then that-than-which-a-greater-cannot-be-thought exists in the mind alone, this same that-than-which-a-greater-cannot-be-thought is that-than-which-a-greater-cannot-be-thought. But this obviously impossible. Therefore there is absolutely no doubt that something-that-which-a-greater-cannot-be-thought exists both in the mind and in reality."

But only Avicenna could fully answer our question, only he knew just what was meant by "existence."

"We say: It is not possible that that whose existence is necessary is co-equal with another whose existence is necessary, so that the first exists with the second and the second exists with the first, and X (so that) one of them is not the cause of the other, but both are co-equal in regard to the necessity of (their) existence. . . Thus something would exist whose existence is necessary through itself and whose existence is necessary because of another. But this is absurd."

Thus we can conclude that existence is absurd.

But does this mean that existence's meaning is absurd? Not necessarily, but this is another question altogether.

Prof. Ralph Sheepskein teaches philosophy at Northwestern. His most recent book is entitled simply, "Life."

Tuition: yes or no?

Last week's tuition increase was unavoidable and largely justified.

The issue at hand is not whether tuition should rise, or how large the increase will be.

The issue at hand is where the additional funds are going, and how big a say students have in the direction of those funds.

The point is that the priority of this university should lie in improving the quality of undergraduate education, and if increased funds are to be used in other areas first, then the people who are supplying these funds—the students—should know exactly where their money is

going.

On the other hand, the fact that students pay tuition does not give them the right to decide where the money goes. If administrators don't want to consult students about the budget, that's their prerogative.

Administrators have fewer years left to live than students do. We think they deserve a break today from constant student complaints about tuition.

In short, we don't know what we're talking about, and we're unable to take a stand.

But in a larger sense, aren't we all?

Purple Parrot

THE DAILY PARODY

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Purple Parrot wants stuff

Purple Parrot is looking everywhere, looking here and there, for articles, jokes and cartoons for its super spring issue. Since it's gonna be a long, lonely summer, that year-end edition will be very special. Articles and jokes should be typed, double-spaced and must be signed with name and phone number. Artwork must be drawn.

Purple Parrot masters of mirth will begin reading manuscripts as soon as they come in. Submissions should be placed in Box 10, Norris University Center.

If you're lucky, we might even let you know what happened to them.

Dr. Murray: a little snot?

By GRAHAM CRACKER

Dr. Murray McLeod, assistant professor in Tech, has always been a firm believer in the age-old adage, "It is better to give than to receive." So, in keeping with this humanitarian spirit, Dr. Murray, as he likes to be called, publicized his latest gift to mankind.

He calls it "the handkerchief."

"ABOUT TWO years ago, I was sitting up late one night picking my nose," quipped McLeod.

"Well, you know how it is; one thing led to another, and before I knew it, I had a real mess on my hands. My wife came into the room and said, 'Murray, why don't you do something about that.' So I did."

Dr. McLeod stressed that the handkerchief is not yet fully completed.

The version which was unveiled two weeks ago measures a hefty three feet by three feet and is a lovely shade of periwinkle blue.

"WE'RE A LITTLE skeptical about patenting this particular model," cautioned McLeod. "We feel that it is probably a bit too bulky and we've also had some complaints about the handkerchief's 100 per cent wool content."

The unveiling of the handkerchief was, in Dr. Murray's words, "A day I'll remember for the rest of my life."

McLeod was so emotionally overcome by the first public display of his invention that he had a very colorful nosebleed and conveniently hemorrhaged into his invention.

As a tribute to McLeod, Robert H. Strotz, William C. Tempelmeyer and others solemnly filed up to the handkerchief and tooted their respective horns proudly into the masterpiece.

SEVERAL DAYS later, in a more reflective mood, Dr. Murray confided, "You know, the original idea behind the handkerchief was more than it just being a snot rag. I wanted to create a total experience for the average Joe in the street."

McLeod's eyes lit up as he proudly recounted the telephone call he received from President Ford.

"He told me that this was a great day for noses all over America whether they were big or small, clean or dirty."

HE JOKED that it would be too bad the

handkerchief won't be on the market when the American people find out that he's declaring war on Saudi Arabia. We had to cut the conversation short when Betty told him to clean up the mess that Liberty, his dog, made all over the Blue Room rug. It was just one of the many memories I have to cherish."

Hopefully, Dr. Murray will have many more years of creative inventing ahead of him. As one student of his put it, "Today the handkerchief, tomorrow the seedless watermelon."



Homogenized escort

Vice-President for Student Affairs Jim G. Charlatan checks out Bessie, who provides transportation for NU coeds at night. This pure-bred Holstein, supported by ASG's Women's Emergency Transport Service, is slow but sure, according to Charlatan.

Good vibes set for the libes: it will be rotten to the Core

By CRAIG HAREKRISHNA

The University Library Committee Wednesday night adopted a proposal designed to curtail the increasing theft of library books.

The proposal, which will take effect April 1, will limit access to the library to university librarians, members of the University Library Committee and high school seniors accompanied by a registered member of NU Garde.

One member of the committee voiced optimism about the new measure. "I think this will work," she said, "And if it doesn't, we can always brick up the entrances and keep everybody out."

ANOTHER PROPOSAL was defeated by a narrow margin. It would have provided for sewing explosives into the bindings of Core Library books. The explosives would be detonated automatically should anyone try to sneak a book out of Core.

Opponents of the measure argued that explosives would do irreparable harm to the books, as well as creating a noise problem. The proposal's sponsor countered that the damage to books would be minimal.

"We're not talking about high explosives," he said, "just something powerful enough to blow a couple fingers off."

A PROPOSAL TO program the library's fluorescent lights to hum tunes rather than a single note also was discussed.

Said one member, "We can have rock in three green, classical in four yellow and

spirituals in Africana."

Another proposal, to keep the library's dollar bill changer filled with change and the copying machines in working order, was overwhelmingly defeated. Its sponsor was censured by his fellows on the committee and asked to submit his resignation.

THE COMMITTEE'S final move will put stronger spring-hinges on the magazine

covers in Periodicals.

A fact-finding committee presented a report showing that some students had actually been able to pry open the plastic covers to read the magazines inside.

Pending further investigation, the committee voted unanimously to send all periodicals to the bindery for safekeeping.

NCC takes 1st important action

By JANET KIDNEY

Eight members of the Northwestern Community Council were found dead yesterday after a meeting in the Ver Steeg Lounge of the University Library. Evans-ton police attributed the cause of the deaths to "acute boredom and over-exposure to Robert's Rules of Order."

NCC Chairman Sebastian Cabot said four of the members collapsed during a discussion of what color paper the council's minutes should be printed on. Four others expired after an hour and a half debate concerning the spelling of the name of NCC member Rita Jeruchimowicz.

The names of the eight members are being withheld pending notification of their families. They are survived by the remaining 16 council members, who have never attended a meeting.

This marks the second consecutive week in which tragedy has struck campus governing bodies. At last Wednesday's Associated Student Government (ASG) meeting, Speaker Jan Last misunderstood a member's request to "call the question," and shot the representative with a revolver concealed behind the podium.

"I thought he said 'kill the question,'" Last said.

the Daily
**today
at nu**

Daily will regret the error

In a story on the Technological Institute in tomorrow's Daily, Prof. Hai-Ku will be incorrectly identified as Prof. Ku-Hai. The Daily regrets the error.

Daley needs proufreaders

Txhe Daley Nothwesnrn is loocking fer proufoofeers. Thoez intrested inn teh jab shoold applie en persun att hte Daeily ofise. Annd yess, txhe gob paiys.

This oak treated at Searle

Interested Northwestern students are invited to witness Saturday the felling of a diseased oak tree located in front of University Hall. The felling will take place at 2 p.m., and will be sponsored by the Department of Buildings and Grounds. Admission is 50 cents.

Bakiwtbutloacurpedulatxppe

Prof. Leo Braskiwitz of the California Institute of Technology will give a lecture today at 2 p.m. in Hogan 3-107. The title of Professor Braskiwitz's talk is "Our Friend the Bouteloua Curtipendula."

Don't forget marshmallows!

Buddhist monk Nugen Duck Wong-Fong will give a brief lecture on the art of immolation and then set himself ablaze in the Norris craft shop today at 11 a.m. The public is invited and may bring marshmallows.

Bone up for Norris contest

A penis growing contest, sponsored by Norris University Center, begins today at 5 p.m. Norris Director John Muffet pledged to participate, "even though my wife isn't too happy about it." Hillel Rabbi Bill Bialy will supervise the men's entries. Women also are encouraged to compete in a division supervised by Ali MacGraw.

O! Coal's goal: poll, poll

Medill School of Journalism Dean M.O. (Merry Old) Coal will defend the school's reputation tonight at 7 in Fisk 217. 765 surveys this year have failed to rank Medill among the top five journalism schools in the United States. Coal said the most recent survey, conducted by collegiate health service directors, was invalid "because many of the evaluators had colds when they visited the campus."

Tired of Enjoying Meals?

Most eateries aim for a congenial atmosphere and what's simply referred to as "good food."

At the Norris Cafeteria, we do things a little differently.

Decor and pleasant surroundings? Not at Norris. We keep our spacious dining rooms cold and depressing, our tables dirty and our floors filthy. Sometimes our help will even yell at you.

Our food's nothing enticing, either. It's certainly not worth a long wait, something we love to subject you to. Dried-out hamburgers, stale pastries and rotting fruit are our specialties, you might say.

Inconvenient hours round out our thoroughly dismal cafe.

If all this disgusts and nauseates you, that's just how we want it.

The Norris Cafeteria: Worse is Better

To 'pack a rod' vs. Michigan

Tex's Summer of discontent

By THIGHS JOHNSON

Tex Summer has got guts. Now he may also have to face a charge of mass murder.

He began criticizing Big Ten officials during last Saturday's game against Indiana's Hoosier hoopsters. Summer tried to control his outbursts against the officials by filing a complaint with the Big Ten Commissioner's Office.

Against Michigan State, the calls got too much for Summer. He shot and killed four officials, and accidentally wounded a popcorn vendor.

The Northwestern basketball coach knows that his gunman's spree could result in a censure from Big Ten Commissioner Wayne Duke, but his feelings were so strong that he was unable to restrain himself from riddling ref's with lead from his heater.

SUMMER'S ATTACK could be considered a violation of the Big Ten's sportsmanship code, which prohibits coaches and players from murdering game officials.

"I kind of think that in my case, I have overstepped my bounds," drawled Summer.

But he said that he isn't able to hold in-

side the kind of feelings he has about officiating.

"**I FEEL THAT** coaches should have that prerogative (to eliminate officials)," said Summer. "There is no recourse. That is why I have armed my players. Our only other recourse is through channels."

In Monday's loss to Indiana, officials called 163 fouls on Northwestern and only one on Indiana.

Why are the officials' calls always working against Northwestern?

No one has an explanation. But 'Cat cagers are plenty upset.

"The only reason we beat Illinois Institute of Technology was that we shot their starting five," commented NU guard Tim Teaseme.

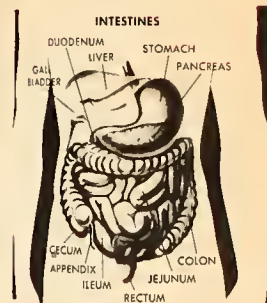
"Against Ohio State and Purdue, more than 372 calls were called on us, including 161 technicals. Only two calls were attributed to the playing of those two teams," Teaseme said.

"I can't not to begin to think I can can't can contemplate these calls," said Harry Hargrove, an NU center who was on academic probation last year, though his full scholarship remained intact.

Summer and his Wildcat brood are not the only ones defying the Big Ten



Tex Summer: He's got guts



regulation. Wisconsin coach John Pow was reported to have killed several referees in a skirmish with Iowa Saturday.

SUMMER'S AND POW'S savvy is conspicuously absent around the Big Ten Commissioner's office.

"We may take a casual glance at these cold-blooded massacres," said Commissioner Duke. "But that doesn't mean

anything at all."

Summer gets a chance to find out if the officials' calls will continue to go against Northwestern on its home court. NU plays Michigan Saturday and Summer says he has again "packed a rod."

"Those sons of bitches make a wrong move against us," said Summer, "and I'll blow their brains to Stanford."



Ken Padowski, where are you?

Charley Robbinowitz

Wheelchair basketball.

The competition is just as rough, just as hotly-contested as if even the fiercest non-handicapped persons were playing.

Take, for example, the Spinning Wheels' 9-8 victory over Clare's Chairs in the coed League XXII game Sunday night at Patten Gymnasium.

Claire's Chairs have protested the game. Hugh Beaumont said after the game that the Spinning Wheels' "Kathy Paddows is not really Kathy Paddows at all but Kenny Padowski," a six year pre-med student.

PADOWSKI COULD not be reached in the directory listing.

"And not only that but I saw Kathy, urr Kenny, walking around the shower room before the game," Beaumont said angrily.

League rules prohibit walking "without the aid of two crutches." In addition, all teams must consist of three males and two women.

PADDOWS DENIES all allegations.

"I cannot walk, never could walk and would never be able to even stand on my two feet," Padowd said. "Look," she said, slipping out of her jersey, "do I look like a boy?"

"I've never even heard of Kenny Padowski," she said.

PADDOWS SAID Beaumont is "prejudiced against women and that Beaumont doesn't believe in Title IX, known as the women's equalizer bill.

"Just because I happen to be a woman, just because I'm handicapped doesn't mean that I can't play and enjoy athletics," said Paddows, wearing a see-through clubhouse robe as she sipped champagne in the locker room.

However, the Spinning Wheels' Len Neil says he saw Paddows "walk into the men's john in the basement of Fisk Hall last year.

"She, err, he, was being real secret-like, like he didn't want anyone to see him," Neil remembers.

NEIL SAID he was wearing a blue parka with the hood zipped up. It completely covered Padowd's head, Neil said.

"If Neil is so sure it was me, how could he tell with the hood zipped up over my head," screamed Paddows.

"Fuck, if I was white no one would say anything about this."

PADDOWS ATTRIBUTES this all to her 19-inch Afro haircut. She is quite often mistaken for a boy. She is 6-6 with her Afro.

And because of her 19-inch Afro, Paddows said she was often mistaken for standing even though she was sitting.

"Man, I am chagrined," she said. "They are trying to make this a racial thing. I came here to play some hoops."

IM DIRECTOR Tom Vinegarden said a decision is forthcoming.

"I just wish everyone would quit their bitching and play ball," Vinegarden said. "I formed this league so that everyone could play, girl or guy, black or white.

"But listen do you have any room in tomorrow's paper? This gives me an idea. We can call it the 'Bitch-A-Thon.' Anyone can play. Even...oh...they can gripe to each other and we can give them gloves and let them duke it out.

"True sport. Man versus man. Women versus women. Man versus women. Women versus man.

"**ALL I'LL SAY,**" says Paddows about the upcoming 'Bitch-A-Thon' is that Beaumont had better be ready. If I get the chance I'm going to get my elbow in, that's for sure."

Beaumont took it all philosophically.

"Paddows cheats," he said. "He pushes, grabs, hacks, kicks, bites. You name it, he does it."

Wheelchair basketball.

What more pleasant way can you find to spend a lazy autumn day?

Birthday outfits wow crowd, 'nude' suits spark swimmers

By ARNOLD FEELUP

The latest in the world of fashion (and female bodies) was on display Saturday in Patten Pool when the Northwestern women's swim team hosted a sixteen-team quadrangular meet. As the swimmers from other schools competed in the traditional Spiffo tank suits, the women from Northwestern showed up in their pink birthday suits.

These suits were first brought into competition in the Garden of Eden. Though their effect on performances was somewhat distracting, it opened up a whole new trend in women's swimwear.

THE SUIT IS made of skin, which stretches over the entire body.

"In a short time every team will be wearing these suits," said Sue Tuna, a sophomore on the Northwestern team.

"One of the big advantages of these suits is that they are much thinner than the Spiffo suits. They are so comfortable that when you're in the water you feel like you have nothing on."

One of the controversies is whether or not these suits actually make a difference in the times of the swimmers. Some critics of the suits have argued that the only advantage the suits give is psychological.

"**IF I'M BRAVE** enough to brave the stares, that psyches me up—and the officials, too," Tuna said.

The point which is generally agreed upon by most swimmers is that the suits can only be worn in competition. Many leading amateur swimmers have refused to wear them claiming that they are embarrassing in front of large crowds.

"It is very embarrassing," Tuna said. "That's why all of our swimmers wear sweatshirts after we are done swimming."

Tuna did say that the men's swimming team has, as a result of the suits, been spending more time "practicing" with the merwomen.



Fem tanker Sue Tuna models the suit that has excited both the team and the crowds.